





MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1879.

Chicago, Milwaukee &amp; St. Paul, Rail

Trains at Janesville station.

From Monroe. Arrive. Depart.

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Ira, as if terrified and heart-broken beyond

recovery.

"Now, madam," I said, "please proceed."

The blackguard will not trouble you any

more, I promise you."

"My experience has been a terrible

one."

"Then tell it without delay."

"I will, sir. My heart is broken, and my

nerves all unstrung, so that I can

hardly speak, but I will try to tell you

enough, at least, to enable you to befriend

me."

"My name is Elsie Markham. I have

lived all my life, until three weeks ago, in

Liverpool, England. My mother died

when I was quite young, and I was the

only child. My father was a bookseller,

and for many years did a good business

and made money. We had a comfortable

home, and I had every advantage.

"On my mother's side, sir, I came of a

noble family, and my ancestors were

mostly with my mother's people. But at

last, sir, the great business depression and

collapse came. My father's business grad-

ually grew worse, and he kept hoping for

a turn of change, until at last he got

completely involved and lost every

shilling."

Here she stopped, sobbing, and I thought

it best to let her grieve in her own way

for a few minutes."

"Now, then," I said, when she seemed to

be a little calmer, "go on with your story."

"Well, then, sir, when my father failed in

business, he determined to come to Amer-

ica and begin life over again. An aunt of

his, who has plenty of money, and who

intended to leave it to him at her

death, anyway, lent him a thousand pounds

to come to America with and go into busi-

ness."

"Three weeks ago he and I sailed from

Liverpool. His aunt went with him to the

steamer, and was very much affected at

the parting. And just as the bell began to

toll for all but passengers to leave the

ship, she presented him with this little

casket, which she said was her last gift to

him, and very odd."

She laid it on the table. It was a small

casket, richly studded with different col-

ored stones, and had a small ring at the

upper end, as if intended to be suspended

from a necklace. On the back were en-

graved the words: "Elsie Markham, Dec.

1879."

"Is this your name?" I asked.

"No, sir. It is the name of one of my

father's female ancestors, ever so far back,

when the family spelled their name with

an 'e'."

"Indeed! And has it been in the family

ever since?"

"Yes, sir. When my father's aunt gave it

to him he was much surprised and proud

of it, and he had given him her fortune; and

if she had not come ashore so suddenly, I

am doubtful whether she could have

induced him to accept it, for he thought

she was going to be his wife, and he was

much surprised to find that she was

looking at it and showing it to me nearly

all the time."

"When we were about six days out," she

continued, "my dear father fell overboard

and was lost. At least, so we all thought

for awhile. He used to be on deck until

very late at night, and I had seen him

many times, and he had been on the ship

not long before he was lost. I was

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not long before he was lost. I was

double, and held his coat on my lap while

mending a rent, while he threw himself on

a lounge in the front room. In stroking

the lining of the coat I thought I felt some-

thing hard and small that did not belong

there, and I drew it out. It was a small

cross, the size and shape as well as I could distinguish

them, were the same as the heirloom

which my father had received from his

aunt, and which he had carried in his

pocket-book. So, without waiting a mo-

ment to think I seized a pair of scissors,

ripped an inch of the seam of the lining,

and took from it this very cross here on

the table."

"Of course it flashed across my mind that

Anderson had a guilty knowledge of my

father's death, and I determined that I

never would be his wife, and never would

lay eyes on him again. I put on my hat

and shawl and fled. Anderson started up

as I passed through the room, but seemed

too confused to detain me, and before he

could follow I had left the hotel by the

ladies' entrance."

"I walked the streets for an hour, not

knowing what I was doing or where I was

going. At last I determined to find an

attorney, and beg him to advise me and

help me. I passed your sign several times

and thought I would look for a more im-

portant-looking office; but something within

me told me that I must return and see

you."

"I just as I began to ascend the steps I

saw Anderson, standing a block away

looking at me. It seems that he did not,

exactly distinguish which building I en-

tered, and of course did not know which

room. But I knew that he would look in

every room in the block until he found me.

Now, my dear sir, what do you think of

all this, and what can you do for me?"

"Think I think the chances are nine to

one that Anderson was concerned in your

father's murder. I also think—I beg your

pardon, Miss Markham—I think you mar-

ried the wrong man. You ought to have

married me."

"Indeed, my dear sir, I wish I had mar-

ried you, or any other honest man before

I married the man who murdered my pre-

cious father. But, sir, I am far more

concerned about how to be released from

this disgusting union than I am about forming

a new one."

"I will do my utmost to assist you in

doing both," I replied. "But let us see

what discoveries Baxter has made."

I stepped to the door of my consultation

room and called Baxter out, taking care to

lock Anderson in still."

"Baxter," I said, "what do you think of

this?"

"He is a tailor."

"A what?"

"A tailor."

"How do you know?"

"Because, when I went in there, I found

him sitting on the lounge with his feet un-

der him. He straightened out when I went

in, but it was too late. He had given him-

self away."

"Then you do not think he is a Swedish

nobleman, or anything of that kind?"

"No, not much."

"Wouldn't he say anything?"

"Yes. He said he had married this lady

in England, and she had run off with an-

other man to America, and he had spent

after her on the next ship. He said that

he supposed that she was after a divorce,

but that he would see that she didn't get

it."

"Well, now, Baxter, the fact is that this

fellow is a robber and a murderer. This

little cross, which was the keepsake of the







